

PRAYERS NEVER PASSED OVER

First Thought in the Mind of Mohammedan is His Duty of Devotion to Allah.

"And while we three white men of a Christian race stuffed ourselves without preliminary or postprandial grace, and our shenai porters gracefully gorged themselves like beasts, scarce 30 feet from our table stood the noble form of old Regal and the spare ascetic-faced Awala, musically intoning their evening prayer to Allah, oblivious to all about as if alone in a monastic cell. It was a majestic rebuke to us, a weird mystery to the shenai, whose voices were always lowered when the Somalis began to pray, and who sat contemplating them in wild-eyed wonder to the end of each prayer, awed, almost silent—as were we ourselves silent out of the sheer respect for a religion which can give men such perfect self-control that no danger daunts them and no hardship or suffering wrings from them a plaint.

"Five times a day do they so pray—at dawn, at high noon, at four, at sunset and before retiring—nor can anything interfere to delay these prayers, not even hungry masters. And before addressing Allah, mouth, face and hands are carefully washed, the best turban wound about the head, the freshest garments donned, the feet bared, then with a glance at the sun, if by day, or at the stars, if by night, to get their compass bearings, they spread their rugs, face towards Mecca, and begin a low, droning chant that at a little distance might easily be mistaken for a well-intoned litany."—From In Closed Territory, by Edgar Beecher Bronson.

RULE THAT SEEMS GOOD ONE

Gambler Always Ascertains Whether Luck is with Him or Not Before He "Sits In."

"There's no use in trying to buck against bad luck," said the successful gambler as he set down his glass of vichy and milk. "If you see luck is going against you, drop out. If the fickle goddess of fortune is with you, woo her for all you are worth. That's the whole secret of the game.

"I've been gambling all my life, and I rarely lose. Why? Because I never take a chance against bad luck. Luck is bound to be either with you or against you. You win or you lose. The chances of breaking even are mighty slim. And who wants to break even, anyhow?

"Luck always runs in streaks. I can generally dope out whether I am going to be lucky or not, and when I know it isn't my time to win I simply don't play. How do I know? Well, I have a little system of my own, and I don't mind letting you in on it. Before I sit into a game I try out my luck in the seclusion of my own apartment. I take a deck of cards and start to play solitaire, Canfield against an imaginary banker. In five or six deals I can get an idea whether luck is with me at that particular time or not. If the cards are running consistently against me I stop and spend the evening at the theater, or chinning around the hotel lobbies. No game for me that night. On the other hand, if I see the cards are running my way I get into a game, and seldom quit a loser. It may sound foolish, but take my word for it, it's a pretty good dope to go by."

Collars of Honor.

In France the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals decorates dogs that have distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery with a tastefully designed "collar of honor."

Among the animals decorated in this way one of the most celebrated is Basshus, a large bulldog, whose specialty is to stop runaway horses by jumping up and seizing them by the bridle. It is calculated that this intelligent animal has already saved the lives of eight persons, if not more.

Pautland, a Great Dane, received a collar for saving his mistress from the attack of a footpad, and Turk, a splendid Newfoundland, has had similar honors for rescuing young children from drowning on several occasions.—The Sunday Magazine.

Carlyle's Appreciation.

The inscription on Mrs. Carlyle's tomb was written by her famous husband, and proves what gratitude he felt for her loving care and attention. "In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For 40 years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worth that he did or attempted. She died at London, April 21, 1866, suddenly, snatched away from him, and the light of his life is as if gone out."

Virtue of the Playground.

Children are better in playgrounds than in prison. It is better for the community to have children exercising on ladders and horizontal bars and swings than to have them haunting the doors of poolrooms or smoking cigarettes in the hidden shadows. Children with plenty of playground have a better chance with life than children without. And most children are without unless the community provides them. It is cheaper to amuse them than to arrest. It is cheaper to develop than to dwarf. It is cheaper to save than to sink them.—Salt Lake Herald.

Billy Major Dope

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ers the benefits of organization.

The other day I conversed with a teacher in the Lincoln schools and she complained about the low wages.

"Why don't the teachers organize a union?" I asked.

"O, we are not strictly in the same class with mechanics," she said. "We couldn't maintain an organization on trades union lines."

"Well, your inability to maintain an organization on trades union lines may explain your inability to secure decent wages," I retorted. "I know men in my own trade right here in Lincoln who make more every week of the year than our highest paid ward principals make in any one week of the school year, and Mr. Printerman works eight hours a day, six days a week, the year 'round, while the ward principal works twelve or sixteen hours a day six or seven days a week for about nine months in the year. But he's got sense enough to belong to a union."

That closed that portion of the conversation.

BILLY MAJOR.

THE BOILERMAKERS.

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tion of public or private property, except the person so appointed shall be a resident of this state.

"2425. Penalty for Violation of Act: Any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than one year nor more than three years. And if any company, association or corporation shall be guilty of violating this act such company, association or corporation shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$5,000."

A committee of the striking boilermakers is now investigating the facts, and the chances are that somebody is going to be given an opportunity to defend a complaint properly filed and vigorously pushed.

Reports from the Blacks Hills division are especially encouraging to the strikers. Already engines are beginning to arrive from the Sheridan division, crippled up in bad shape. Water troubles on that division are always bad, and when the bunged-up engines are turned over to the "scabs" they will be in fine hands for repairs roundhouse are remaining close to the boiler department, quite content to be fed like princes, draw big wages and do little in return.

"HUMBLE DUST" BRADY.

Rev. Charles Steizle Tells How He Finally Made Good.

His name is Patrick Brady. The boys call his "Paddy" for short. He calls himself "Humble Dust." He had gone clear done the line until it seemed as though he had reached the limit; but one day he awoke. We need not discuss the question as to how it happened, only to say that somebody encouraged him to turn-about-face and quit his cussedness. Brady simply needed a push in the right direction and a good word to cheer him on. He is like a good many of the rest of us in this respect.

Brady has been on the right road ever since, but he is there because he has kept moving. He might have waited in the belief that it was up to somebody else to see that he made progress, but Paddy isn't built that way. He got busy on the job—his own job—and this is what he did: He started in to help the other fellow, and there were a good many to be helped. He didn't consider any sort of a man beneath him. He himself has been down so low that he needed to reach upward to touch bottom. Whenever there is a man that needs Paddy's help, Paddy is ready to do his part. Whenever a new organization is started in town, in which he believes and which is in need of people to put their shoulders to the wheel, Paddy is on the job.

And through it all he is a loyal trades unionist. He attends every meeting of his organization. His speeches are not long drawn out affairs. From all along the system comes the word that the strikers are sticking to a man. More than that, every day sees desertions from the ranks of the non-union men who did not come out when the strike was called. They refuse to work by the side of the class of cattle imported to take the places of their former shop mates.

At Havelock the shop yards are thoroughly picketed by the union men. On the surface everything is quiet, and there is not the least danger of any disorder as long as the imported "scabs" remain inside and do not come out and endeavor to start something. The "scabs" at the Lincoln fairs, be' le h's str'ght from the

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shoulder when he does speak, and yet it is always done in the same spirit of good fellowship which prompts him in all of his dealings with the men in the shop. He has lots of horse sense. He doesn't hand out his wisdom in large chunks. He is just a great big human soul, familiar with the things that the ordinary man is up against, and in the simplest manner possible, and without any pretense of superiority, he is "Humble Dust" Brady, always on the job.

That Mighty Pen.

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with, but a man can make a goose of himself with one.—Christian Register.

Advice for the Rich.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune; or, what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed and patronize the neglected. Be great.—Sterne.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"We note," observes the Philosopher of Folly, "that even Senator Gordon, who was in the senate for 60 years, never sprung his original poetry until he was about to leave."

Power of the Brain.

Thoughts are mightier than the strength of hand.—Sophocles.

Unreasonable Shame.

The worst kind of shame is being ashamed of frigidity or poverty.—Livy.

One of Mankind's Errors.

Some men do not get estates for the purpose of enjoying life, but, blinded with error, they live only for their estates.—Juvenal.

Evil of the Present Day.

One of the great evils of the present time is the anxiety of young people, and too often of their parents as well, to earn money early.

The True Freeman.

Who, then, is free? The wise man who can govern himself.—Horace.

Uncle Ezra Says:

"One good turn deserves another, but lots o' folks don't seem to know when their turns come."—Boston Herald.

Familiar.

There is nothing new about the latest defalcation by a teller. 'Tis the simple old story of the \$1,000 income and taste that would have strained one ten times bigger.

The Bachelor.

A bachelor is a man with enough confidence in his judgment of women to act on it.—Puck.

Thrust Upon Them.

Some men are born rich, some achieve riches and some enter the political arena.—Harvard Lampoon.

Considerate Burglar.

A burglar broke into a house in Berlin one night lately and carried off a jewel casket. He returned it soon afterward, with a note saying that as it only contained family documents and no valuables, he had no desire to inconvenience the owner.

Beginning of Invalidism.

Once you start thinking about yourself and your complaints, your health begins to go.

Uncle Ezra Says: "Don't forget that judgment day is every day on the part of your sharp-eyed neighbor."—Boston Herald.

Imitation of Pewter.

Brass may be given a color resembling pewter by boiling it in a cream of tartar solution containing a small amount of chloride of tin.

Blessed Are They That Want Little. Those who want fewest things are nearest to the gods.—Diogenes.

Need Consolation.

London ladies are said to be taking to the pipe. Wonder is that they have refrained so long.

Haste Not to Be Repeated.

"You say you have quit smoking?" "Yep, never going to smoke again." "Then why don't you throw away those cigars?" "Never; I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking and it taught me a lesson."

Leap.

The easiest thing in the world is to make a \$50 promise that is to be fulfilled in the indefinite future.—Boston Globe.

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